

BACK IN AIRLY DAYS

When It Was a Howling Wilderness and Sparcely Settled.

It was then that the ingenious wife of the Pioneer Discovers the Secret of Vinegar Pie.

"When one understands how pie is made, the epiphany of the soul's yearning for beauty of living, as it were, the tip of a plant groping its way upward between the dull, hard earth to sunlight and the air, he understands also how some kinds of pie have a story to tell—a pathetic story for those who can appreciate it."—Harvey Sutherland in Ainslie's.

In the early days of Ohio there was a vinegar pie. A paste was made of flour and water. Enough sugar was added to give it a pleasant tartness, and sugar was stirred in to suit the taste. Then this was used as a filling for the top and bottom crust. Smile if you can at this poor effort, but believe me, it was that made it and where it was made. We may set the scene in a log cabin in the wild woods of the West. There were a few people there, and people it with sets from Connecticut, an ambitious man and his young wife who have behind them the old folks at home, knowing that they will never see them again. They have come upon their faces more. They have come the long, long journey in a covered wagon to the far west to seek a home in the wilderness. The Indians are but barely seen. The timber wolves still howl at night while the young mother hushes her babe to rest. In the twilight she sits at the door of the log cabin. It was a sufficient shelter from the weather, but no rag carpet covered the puncheon floor, no rug hung upon the mud-chinked logs. There was no lack of food. The virgin soil, never turned by a plowshare, brought forth riotously. Standing at the door, the husband might kill wild geese with his rifle. There was game in plenty, deer and squirrels, muskrat, wild duck, wood pigeons, and, once in a long while, a feast of the most highly prized of all meats, wild berries grew all about. Here and there sprang a tree, and here and there a small stream. Chauncey Olcott is an enthusiastic member of the order known as the Knights of Columbus. "Sweet Anne Page," the comic opera in which Lulu Glaser has been trying to star, is to be shelved. Roland Reed, who has been in precarious health as a result of several serious operations, is reported to be on the mend. Mrs. Janauschek, although appreciating the honor, has declined to accept an invitation to enter the Edwin Forrest Home for Actors. New York has a law prohibiting Sunday theatrical performances, but the vaudeville houses give their regular programmes and call them sacred concerts. Ada Rehan has bought the American and English rights to a drama based upon the Dreyfus case and will play the part which might be described as Mrs. Dreyfus. Carl Hauptmann, a young brother of the author of "The Sunken Bell," has had a Berlin hearing as a dramatist without giving any promise of duplicating the success of the latter. In Atlanta a short time ago a theater doorkeeper refused to admit two detectives in plain clothes. They arrested him for interfering with an officer, but the charge against him was dismissed by the magistrate and the detectives soundly rebuked. Governor Jeff Davis of Arkansas is in arms against stodes. He solemnly declares that he will outlaw any man in Arkansas who wears a monocle. Baltimore Herald.

THE GREAT POWER OF HUMOR

On the Average Man as Noted by Chauncey Depew.

Who Accepted an Invitation to Eat With and Address a Charity Dinner in New York.

Chauncey M. Depew once told of an incident which strikingly showed the effect of humor on a crowd. The story as he narrated it is as follows: "It was at the strangest dinner that I ever attended, and I've attended a great many," he said. "A woman well known for her philanthropic work in New York was the hostess, and she had as her guests the hungry and homeless men who nightly form a line outside of a bakery on Broadway waiting for the bread that is there distributed. The dinner was on Christmas day, and the woman who got it up came to me and asked me to make a speech to those who partook of it. It was her lack of conversation. In fact, a great majority of the men seemed to prefer to eat in silence. Now and then a word would be passed, but it was generally in an undertone. "After a while it came time for me to speak. While they were eating it had begun to dawn upon me that the task was a pretty hard one, and when I got up to speak I felt that this was just too true. Although they had eaten well and their inner man had been satisfied in a measure they had not known for years if at any time before, yet the look given me by every man at that dinner appeared to be one of resentment and defiance. My first words failed to change in any face the sullen look which it wore, and as my eyes swept over that strange assemblage absolutely no sign of animation was visible on any countenance before me. I don't think ever in my life have I felt as I did as I looked into those faces and wondered how I could interest those men what sat silently and sullenly. "I don't remember now what I said at first, but I do remember that I fell absolutely flat. Then I tried some humorous little things that had stood me in good stead in times far less trying than this. The first story I told I noticed produced no impres-

WAS GREAT SUCCESS

Sunday Night's Sacred Concert Was Best Yet Given.

Never in Dawson's history has a more appreciated concert been given than was that of Sunday night under the management of H. J. Brand. The house was well filled and from the beginning to the end of the lengthy but varied program there was not a hitch or a wait, everything coming on promptly and in place. All of Dawson's best talent was enlisted by the management to make the concert a success and it was so beyond expectation. Among those who were forced to respond to encodes were Miss Florence D'Espia, four times; Miss Beatrice Lorne, three times; Miss Helen Jewell, three times, her rendition of the "Maple Leaf" and displaying of the Canadian flag, completely capturing the house. The grand sacred chorus, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," sang by Misses Lorne, D'Espia, and Jewell and Messrs. McLeod and Corkeek was repeatedly encored, as



DIFFERENT METHODS OF TRANSPORTING FREIGHT IN THE KLONDIKE.

idea that a little after dinner speech makes the dinner more of a success, and she described the good that might be done in this way so strongly that I agreed to attend. "Like a good many other people of New York, I was pretty familiar with the nightly scene outside of this bakery and the character of the men who waited for the charity dispensed there. The dinner was at night, and I made up my mind to be as punctilious about my dress as though I was going to a dinner at the Mansion house in London. I put on my dress clothes, embellished with a boutonniere, and arrayed in this style, I went to the dinner. I don't think anything ever made quite such an impression on me as the sight of those men as they ate that dinner. In the row of faces about the table it did not take a student of criminology to pick out those whose criminal instincts had for years been dominant, and in their hardened features it was almost impossible to read what feeling that dinner or my appearance produced. All ate ravenously, and what struck me very forcibly was the

sion. There was still the same sullen look on the faces, which seemed to portend danger should the owners of them meet me under different circumstances. By the time I reached the end of the second story I saw that some were listening to me in a way that really denoted interest. One or two smiled, yet there were still some on whose faces there was absolutely no sign of interest, but instead the defiant look of the anarchist or socialist for one whom they regarded as a traditional enemy. "I told a third story. Like the two others, I had known it sometimes not to take. When I finished it, some of those before me were laughing outright and others were smiling. Only saw a few who were still silent, one of them in particular because he had had his eyes continually on me since I had entered. After that I went on feeling a little more at ease myself. I talked on subjects suggested by the reason we were in, and I found all of them were listening attentively, and the next story I told was followed by a laugh that sounded like music after the somewhat omin-

made me think it was to render it powerless. For a moment the man I sat next to me stood there prepared for anything. Then he said: "Chauncey Depew, I made up my mind when I saw you here tonight to tell you, but you've captured me." "He shook my hand and passed out with the others, and I have never seen him since. From his appearance from the way his eyes rested on me while I was speaking up till the last, when I made him laugh, I have no hesitancy in believing that that meant what he said and that by making him laugh had perhaps saved my life. I shall never forget that incident or the man whose hand I clasped as he spoke those words. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit 5c. —AT— F. S. DUNHAM'S THE FAMILY GROCER Corner 2nd Ave. and 6th St.

was also the special recitations of Mr. R. P. Wilson who ranks as one of Dawson's very best entertainers. Mr. Brand is so pleased with his success that he will give another entertainment in two weeks when the same excellent talent will be engaged. (The above was crowded out of yesterday's paper.) A Bit of Irish Wit. Lord Morris, who had one of the richest Hibernian brogues ever heard outside of the Green Isle was once deploring to Father Healy, the celebrated wit, the fact that, on the occasion of a certain marriage, he had neither rice nor an old shoe to throw after the happy couple. "Arrah, my lord," exclaimed Father Healy, "why didn't you throw your brogue after the?" In Ireland, readers may be reminded, a boot is known as a "brogue." London Answers. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

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